# THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

## Literary Miscellany.

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*For the Evening Fire-side.*

### THE FIRE-SIDE PREACHER.

"Walk before me————"

The ruſtic recluſe, whoſe ſtudy has been ature, and whoſe court the field or the reſt, can have little idea of the faſtidious cety, or diſguſting exceſs of politeneſs, of e poliſhed inhabitants of the city. Ac-ſtomed to hear and to ſpeak a language hich flows from the heart, he can ſcarcely come reconciled to the inſincerity of the rcles of faſhion; and the inconſiſtency hich is obvious in their words and actions, cites in his boſom only emotions of ſur-iſe; if he accidentally preſent himſelf one of the refined and unſocial compa-s of the gay world, he finds ſubjects of oniſhment in all around him, and affords himſelf an object of wonder and con-mpt. It is indeed at times a ſentiment rdering upon the latter, that ariſes in his nd when entering a houſe, ſome poliſhed end, who has condeſcended to introduce rough ruſtic, makes a profound bow, d in unſcriptural language, ſweetly ſays, After you ſir!"

The votaries of fame, whether at the bar, the pulpit, or the field, are leſs ceremo-us with their rivals and their cotempo-ies. The lawyer is by no means deſir-s that his friend ſhould *walk before him* the bench, and controul, as a judge, the uſions of his forenſic eloquence. The ine is not anxious that any one ſhould r away his bluſhing honours, and even uld his politeneſs extend ſo far, as to mpliment a brother, with precedence in road to Heaven, he will by no means w him a prior claim to the more im-tant object of popularity. The military n, who is bred in camps, cannot be ſup-ed to poſſeſs that refinement of polite-neſs ich is found in the peaceful amuſements of civil life; and when the temple of fame is in view, he only ſtrives to leave his fel-lows behind and arrive firſt at the fane of the goddeſs; yet I have heard that in the attack of an entrenchment, or the aſſault of a battery, they have ſometimes been more ceremonious, and have not loſt their native politeneſs, amidſt the 'roar of battles,' but, even to thoſe, whoſe inferior rank laid no great claim to ceremony, have politely ad-dreſſed the language of "*Walk before me!*"

It is pleaſant when the ſun firſt peeps on the miſts of an autumnal morning, to ſtroll through the field or the foreſt, and indulge in meditation, in thoſe ſcenes where only their irrational inhabitant have walked be-fore me; to muſe on the conduct of man or the works of divinity. It often is a ſub-ject of reflection, how univerſal is the in-fluence of this paſſion for precedence—how inimical are its effects to the repoſe of the individual—how baneful to the happineſs of ſociety. It was the ſame principle that prompted a Cæſar to graſp the ſovereignty of the world; and a Brutus to forget the claims of gratitude, and murder his bene-factor. However the readers of hiſtory may differ in ſentiment—however they may attribute motives of boundleſs ambition to the one, and patriotiſm to the other, the effects of their conduct were the ſame on ſociety, as the cauſe may be traced to the ſame active principle. I have been involuntarily led to an aſſertion which it would probably be difficult to ſupport by argu-ment; my only view in the preſent deſultory remarks, was to urge the neceſſity of ſup-preſſing the deſire of being foremoſt in any path but that of virtue, and not to enter in-to a metaphyſical diſcuſſion of abſtract principles: therefore before I involve my-ſelf in a litigation, from which it may not be eaſy to extricate myſelf, I will conclude with quoting the whole of the text, a part of which I have choſen for my motto, and give one proof of my humility by ſaying to my reader,—

"Walk before me and be thou perfect."

M.

*For the Evening Fire-Side.*

### STANZAS,

*Written at the Falls of Passaick.*

Proud genius of Passaick's stream,
Whose throne is mist, whose bed is foam;
No more enwrapt in fancy's dream,
Along thy rocky shores I'll roam.

The rugged steep, the giddy height,
No more with curious zeal I'll climb,
No more shall meet my raptur'd sight,
The glories of thy rocks sublime.

Thy torrent in its roaring bed,
May still foam on its endless way;
And still thy tall cliffs giant-head,
May greet the first faint blush of day;

But I shall view these scenes no more;
No more thy charms sublime behold,
Nor listen to thy dashing roar,
Nor see thy mists that beam with gold.

Thy stream, when down the chasm wide,
It thundering falls, can ne'er return;
But in a sweet, yet lingering tide,
Its treasures wafts to Neptune's urn.

Thus I, from all these scenes remov'd,
Shall ne'er again thy torrent view;
But with those friends most dearly lov'd,
Must bid thy glories—all adieu!

Yet with no lingering step I turn,
The beam from friendship's eye to meet;
I feel my heart impatient burn,
The social scenes of home to greet.

Though from this elevated steep,
I pour my wild notes on the wind,
That curling o'er the whitening deep,
Leaves solitude and me behind.

No Naiads from thy silvery flood,
Arise to lend a list'ning ear;
No Dryads from the neighboring wood,
With timid steps approach to hear;

But to thy torrent's thundering roar,
Accustomed long, they calmly sleep;
Along thy deep-indented shore,
Or sport amidst thy waters deep.

Though ARIEL wak'd the kindling lyre,
And summon'd from the height of air;
The spirits of the storm and fire,
Who lead their merry gambols there:

Deaf to his lyre's awakening sound,
Still would thy torpid Genii sleep,
Though earthquakes rock'd the yawning ground,
And back recoil'd th' astonish'd deep.

Farewell ye habitants of air,
Ye tenants of the whitening foam;
Whose forms the gentle breezes bear,
Or who upon the waters roam!

No more shall answering echo give
Back to my ear each soften'd note;
No more my flute's untutor'd sounds,
On zephyr's wings serenely float.

Far—far from this enchanting scene,
I homeward bend my joyful way;
And many a hill shall intervene,
Ere night receives the coming day.

Though many a lingering hour shall pass,
Ere love shall greet me with a smile;
I'll look on Hope's enchanted glass,
And with her charms the hours beguile.

Roar on then genius of the stream,
Or slumber in thy foamy bed,
But he who makes thy charms his theme,
No more thy rocky shores shall tread.

LYRICUS

*August 26th*, 1806.

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*For the Evening Fire-side.*

THE DECLAIMER: NO. V.

"Who builds a house to God, and not to fame,
"Will never mark the marble with his name."

POPE.

It appears to be the opinion of the author of my motto, an acute and correct observer of human actions, that he who in building a temple, knows no other motive than his love, courts not the plaudits of the world, and is unwilling the structure should discover who erected it; and that he, on the contrary, who blazons his name on the edifice, wishes to discover the exrent of his riches, or is solicitous that his praise should be sounded by the trumpet of fame. As I can see but little difference between him who erects a temple, and him who establishes a charity, I consider them on the same footing, for benevolence is the sister of religion: he therefore who makes an ostentatious display of his benefactions, is not offering to affliction, but to fame; he gives not his alms from a consciousness of duty—not for the sweet pleasure of relieving the miserable—of seeing a smile lighted up on the pallid cheek of sorrow, but the mere despicable pleasure of being accounted bountiful. Such an one can see a neighbour sinking to the grave, under multiplied sorrows, and see it without emotion; but has a calamity become the subject of general conversation, and a subscription opened for the sufferers, he subscribes largely; he visits not the wretched sufferers, to console the "widow and the fatherless in their affliction," but to speak metaphorically, he is merely willing to "Mark the marble with his name." Such benevolence as this, resembles that of the miser, who having thro' life, steeled his bosom against the cries of sorrow, and never has given aught to misery, when the last awful moments are approaching, and his eyes are dimming by the hand of death!—When gold has lost its splendor and its value, endows a Hospital: willing it should seem by one solitary charity of little merit to purchase a passport to the realms of peace.

Far be it from me to undervalue public benefactions; they are certainly of great good to the suffering part of the community, whatever be the excitement that has roused the lazy passions of the donor. I quarrel only with the motive. When I have seen the names of the vain, and the amount of their munificence, posted in the public papers, staring in the eyes of thousands: I have formed my opinion of the motive of the action—testing it by my motto; should these think it ungenerous to determine by such a criterion, I will address to them the language of inspiration:

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your father which is in heaven."

In morality it is not sufficient that we appear to be correct in our conduct, we must be really so; performing our duties in private as strictly as we do in public: and in affairs of charity, we should be equally scrupulous; to deserve the epithet, requires more than affixing our name to subscription papers; more than giving, where hundreds are looking on to applaud our conduct; we must hunt out distress that is pining in obscurity, and relieve from the spontaneous emotions of our hearts, where we never would imagine the world would discover it; and where we only can expect our reward in the sweet consolation of having performed our duty. This is the conduct of the greatly good; in the nervous language of the sacred volume, not permitting the "left hand to know what the right doeth;" and verifies the assertion of the poet:

"Who builds a house to God, and not to fame,
"Will never mark the marble with his name."

D.

*For the Evening Fire-side.*

*Messrs. Editors,*

A volume of Burns' Poems was lately handed me, on one of the blank leaves of which I found the following—the production of a young gentleman of this city, which has never been published.

L.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

What! is there ill news, you'r so sad, Robbin Gray!
That your blue bonnet hangs o'er your Brow!
Sad, O sad news I've read, Robbin Burns, man, is dead,
And the ploughman weeps over his plough—
Wel-a-day!

Is his pipe mute for aye and for aye, Robbin Gray!
No more shall we 'tend to his song!
Ah, cold as a clod, underneath the green sod,
Poor Robbin they've laid all along—
Wel-a-day!

Then farewell to the forest and hill, Robbin Gray,
And farewell to the valley and grove;
The forest and hill, and the vallies ring still,
Still they echo his ditties of love—
Wel-a-day!

The Blackbird will pensively sing, Robbin Gray,
And the lark as he carrolls on high:
The lowly lodg'd swain, as he scatters his grain,
Will chant Robbin's verse with a sigh—
Wel-a-day!

Softly lie on his bosom the turf, Robbin Gray,
Rest his ashes unmingled and pure,
And long may his urn, Caledonia adorn,
And his much-loved remains lie secure—
Wel-a-day!

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*For the Evening Fire-side.*

THE GLEANER, NO. IX.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
"And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
"And how they might have borne more welcome news."

YOUNG.

When the day's activity and fatiguing cares are past, there is often a season of calmness to the soul, wherein the mind is disposed to listen to the instructive monitions of conscience, and "to mark her sacred lessons well." When the candle is extinguished and the head is laid on the pillow, what a delicious balm is diffused over the whole frame, if, on the strictest scrutiny, we cannot discover any thing wherein "we have offended:"—then is sleep almost a celestial reverie.

Our repose is never so delicious, or so tranquil, as after a day in which we have performed some good act, or when we are conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.—When the

head is laid on the pillow, is frequently the time in which conſcience delivers its decrees. If an evil deſign has been conceived or executed, we find the ſofteſt down is inſufficient to render our ſituation comfortable; and the ſoul, inſtead of "an anchoring ſure and ſteadfaſt" in the harbour of conſcientious virtue, is toſſed upon the foaming billows of a tempeſtuous ocean.

We are happy or miſerable at night, according to the terms on which we ſtand with conſcience — that "ſly informer" whoſe reproaches muſt be heard.—Memory recalls our faults and our negligences: and the accompanying ſenſations baniſh ſleep from our eyes, or intrude in our dreams: they fatigue us in order that we may be taught that there is neither repoſe nor happineſs but in the harmony of upright conduct, and in the road of religious and ſocial duty.

Happy is he who can ſay, when he lies down, no man can reproach me with his affliction, his misfortunes, or his captivity; I have not injured the reputation of any one; I have paid due reſpect to the happineſs of others, the certain pledge of the repoſe of families; and the labourer's hire has not remained in my hands after the ſetting of the ſun.

Theſe teſtimonies of conſcience—theſe internal enjoyments of ſoul, give a delicious repoſe, and a ſtill more delicious awaking.

T.

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*For the Evening Fire-side.*

THE PEDLAR: NO. VIII.

"He that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed."

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a propenſity in the nature of man, that loves to gratify itſelf at the expence of the peace of others. To expoſe rather than conceal the faults and imperfections of a neighbour, is a failing to which all are more or leſs addicted. Nothing can be more inimical to the happineſs of ſociety than the baneful operations of this ſlanderous ſpirit. He who contrives to undermine his neighbour's reputation, cauſes more miſchief in ſociety, than all the viciſſitudes of fortune could ever produce. A man plunged into the deepeſt diſtreſs, with an unblemiſhed character, may riſe again, but if this be loſt, he riſes no more.—The ſlanderer is a character ſo hoſtile to the intereſts of ſociety, that he almoſt deſerves to be hunted from the face of the creation:—To eſcape the arrows detached from the quiver of his malice, requires the moſt ſtrict adherence to the rules of juſtice, and a ſteady perſeverence in the paths of virtue.—He who keeps to theſe, will never ſink under the influence of ſlander,

"Tho' fiends malign may ſcatter poiſon round,
And malice her defaming trumpet ſound."

Virtue, like an impenetrable armour, repels the moſt pointed ſhafts of malice; they cannot pierce through this invulnerable ſhield, but either fall hurtleſs to the ground, or return to wound the hand that ſhot them.

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*For the Evening Fire-side.*

Robert Levity's compliments to the Editors of the Evening Fire-side, and hopes, that though the *ſubject* of the following is not new, ſo much reſpect will be inſpired by its *new ſuit of cloaths* as to gain it an introduction to your Fire-side circle.

GRATUITOUS SHAVING!

Soon after Tom had got ſafe moor'd in harbour,
After a voyage of nine long months or more;
During which time an uncropp'd beard he wore,
He chanced to paſs the *cabin* of a barber,

Who ſmiling, ſaw the harveſt on his chin,
Concluding he would like the job of reaping:
So to the door, to hail him, briskly ſkipping,
He ask'd the ſon of Neptune to walk in—

Saying, 'Sir, I'm a famous hand at ſhaving,
'And you'd be glad to have your beard off, I know:'
'Yes ſir,' ſaid Tom, 'but meſſmate you are raving.
'Shiver my timber's if I've any Rhino.'

''Tis but ſix cents—ſo ſmall a ſum as that is,'
(Reply'd the barber) 'will not make me ſtickle;
'So' (taking up his beard-devouring ſickle,)
'For this time, I'm agreed to ſhave you *gratis*.'

Tom thank'd the *ſhaver* for his generous offer,
And gratefully accepting of the proffer,
Hove too and came to anchor on a chair;—
But when he felt the barber's ſcraping ſcythe

Upon his griſtly beard, it made him writhe,
With chin-convulſing ſpaſms moſt ſevere.

Juſt at this moment a diſtreſſed cat,
Made at the door a hideous caterwauling;
The barber vex'd at her blood-chilling ſqualling,
Cried out with much vehemence, 'Zounds! what's that?'

'Ecad!' cried Tom, 'you ought to know what that is,
'Some barber's monkey ſhaving puſſey *gratis*!'

ROBERT LEVITY.

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*For the Evening Fire-side.*

*Meſſrs. Editors,*

The following, from the pen of the inimitable Goldſmith, has been publiſhed ſeveral times, but perhaps you may think with me, that there will be no impropriety in preſenting it again to the public.

*On the diſtreſs of the poor, exemplified in the life of a private centinel.*

The misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers; they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes, when the whole world is looking on? Men in ſuch circumſtances can act bravely even from motives of vanity. He only who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his diſtreſſes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great: whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

The miſeries of the poor are, however, entirely diſregarded, though ſome undergo more real hardſhipsin one day than the great in their whole lives. It is indeed inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt Engliſh ſailor or ſoldier endures without murmuring or regret. Every day to him is a day of miſery, and yet he bears his hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardſhips, whoſe greateſt calamity is founded in arrogance and pride. Their ſevereſt diſtreſſes are pleaſures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day ſuſtain, without murmuring. Theſe may eat, drink and ſleep, have ſlaves to attend them, and are ſure of ſubſiſtence for life, while many of their fellow creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or to aſſiſt them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even juſtice.

I have been led into theſe reflections, from accidentally meeting ſome days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg. I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation; and after giving him what I thought proper, deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and

the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, with an intrepidity truly Britiſh, leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory as follows,

"As for misfortunes, ſir, I can't pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loſs of my limb, and being obliged to beg, I don't know any reaſon, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there are ſome that have loſt both legs and an eye, but, thank Heaven, it is not quite ſo bad with me.

"My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; ſo I was put upon the pariſh. As he had been a wandering ſort of a man, the pariſhioners were not able to tell to what pariſh I belonged, or where I was born: ſo they ſent me to another pariſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a third; till at laſt it was thought I belonged to no pariſh at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſition to be a ſcholar, and had actually learned my letters; but the maſter of the work-houſe put me to buſineſs, as ſoon as I was able to handle the mallet.

"Here I lived a eaſy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not ſuffered to ſtir far from the houſe, for fear I ſhould run away: but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole houſe, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me.

"I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late, but I eat and drank well, and liked my buſineſs well enough, till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myſelf, I was reſolved to go and ſeek my fortune. Thus I lived and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and ſtarving when I could get none, and might have lived ſo ſtill; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magiſtrate, I ſpyed a hare croſſing the path juſt before me. I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my ſtick at it: well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the juſtice himſelf met me: he called me a villain, and collaring me, deſired I would give an account of myſelf. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, ſeed, and generation: but though I gave a very long account, the juſtice ſaid, I could give no account of myſelf; ſo I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and ſent to Newgate, in order to be tranſported to the Plantations.

"People may ſay this and that of being in jail: but for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work; but alas, this kind of life was too good to laſt for ever! I was taken out of priſon after five months, put on board of a ſhip, and ſent off with two hundred more. Our paſſage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very faſt for want of ſweet air and proviſions; but for my part I did not want meat, becauſe I had a fever all the way; Providence was kind when proviſions grew ſhort, it took away my deſire of eating. When we came on ſhore, we were ſold to the planters. I was bound for ſeven years, and as I am no ſcholar, for I had forgot my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and ſerved out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my paſſage home, and glad I was to ſee Old England again, becauſe I loved my country. O liberty, liberty, liberty! that is the property of every Engliſhman, and I will die in its defence: I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once more, ſo did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for ſome time; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then deſired me to ſtand ſtill. They belonged to a preſs-gang; I was carried before the juſtice, and as I could give no account of myſelf (that was the thing that always hobbled me) I had my choice left, whether to go on board of a man of war, or liſt for a ſoldier; I choſe to be a ſoldier, and in this part of a gentleman I ſerved two campaigns, was at the battles in Flanders, and received but one wound through the breaſt, which is troubleſome to this day.

"When the peace came on I was diſcharged: and as I could not work, becauſe my wound was ſometimes painful, I liſted for a landſman in the Eaſt India company's ſervice. I here fought the French in ſix pitched battles; and verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune, I ſoon fell ſick, and when I became good for nothing, got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket, which I ſaved in the ſervice. This was at the beginning of the preſent war, ſo I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money; but the government wanted men, and I was preſſed again before ever I could ſet my foot on ſhore.

"The boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an obſtinate fellow: he ſwore that I underſtood my buſineſs perfectly well, but that I pretended ſickneſs merely to be idle: God knows, I knew nothing of ſea buſineſs! he beat me without conſidering what he was about. But ſtill my forty pound were ſome comfort to me under every beating; the money was my comfort, and the money I might have had to this day; but that our ſhip was taken by the French, and ſo I loſt it all!

"Our crew was carried into a French priſon, and many of them died, becauſe they were not uſed to live in jail; but for my own part it was nothing to me, for I was ſeaſoned. One night however, as I was ſleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well) I was awaked by the boatſwain, who had a dark lanthern in his hand. 'Jack,' ſays he to me, 'will you knock out the French centry's brains?'—'I don't care,' ſays I, ſtriving to keep myſelf awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' ſays he, 'and I hope we ſhall do his buſineſs.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen: we had no arms; but one Engliſhman is able to beat five French at any time; ſo we went down to the door, where both of the centries were poſted, and ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a moment and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to ſea: we had not been here three days, before we were taken up by an Engliſh privateer, who was glad of ſo many good hands, and we conſented to run our chance. However we had not ſo much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man of war of forty guns, while we had but twenty three; ſo to it we went. The fight laſted for three hours, and I verily believe we ſhould have taken the Frenchman, but unfortunately we loſt almoſt all our men, juſt as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to my old jail in Breſt: but by good fortune we were retaken, and carried to England once more.

"I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that in this laſt engagement I was wounded in two

places; I loſt four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was cut off. Had I had the good fortune to have loſt my leg, and uſe of my hand on board a king's ſhip, and not a privateer, I ſhould have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the reſt of my life, but that was not my chance; one man was born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of, but the French and the Juſtice of the Peace."

Thus ſaying he limped off, leaving my friend and me in admiration of his intrepidity and content; nor could we avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery is the trueſt ſchool of fortitude and philoſophy. Adieu.

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*From the Weekly Inſpector.*

### THE FOP.

By Dr. Causticx.

Lord, only look! there goes a fop!
As nice a thing as e'er did hop,
And dangle round a lady!
A dainty dapper bit of man,
As fine as ſpangles on a fan,
Or pinks upon a May-day.

See how it flaunts about, and flares,
And how it ogles, winks, and stares,
With painted cheeks ſo rosy!
All eſſenc'd up with burgamot,
Powder'd, Pomatum'd, and what not,
O, what a pretty posy!

See round, and round, and round it skips,
To twenty lovely ladyships,
And chatters like a pie, Sir;
It talks as much as though the brains
Its little *squasby* head contains,
Would fill Musquito's eye, Sir.

Now see it balance up to Sue,
And now it tramps away to Prue,
And now set out to ſtalk a
Minuet—the fiddle ſqueals;
Grand as a turkey cock it feels,
With Miss Keturah Gawkey!

And now with *deary*, down it squats,
And chats and grins, and grins and chats,
Like ſome baboon's relation;
And, bleſs us, look, what loving works!
One simpers, and the other smirks,
All flummery and flirtation!

'But,' quoth Tom Tawdry, 'mark how well
'Sir Fopling ſuits each dashing belle—
'Your railing I'm afraid is
'The effect of diſappointed ſpleen
'Because the beau is foremoſt ſeen
'In favour of the ladies.'

He please the ladies! very good;
Why then I would'nt if I could,
So notable my spunk is:
I'd let them sooner seek gallants
From Afric's coast, or that of France,
Brisk Sans Callottes—or monkies.

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*Preſent ſtate of the City of Jeruſalem.—By the Abbe Mariti.*

Having arrived at the gate of Bethlehem, and having no one to guide me, I reſolved to follow the caravan. I entered the city on horſeback, which in the laſt century Europeans were not ſuffered to do; and, being ſtopped by a Turkiſh centinel, paid the uſual toll, which is two medins for each perſon.

Scarcely had I advanced two ſteps in the firſt ſtreet, when a Chriſtian of the Latin communion politely accoſted me, and aſked if I was not a Frenchman, which is an appellation beſtowed here on all Europeans. On my returning an anſwer, he offered to conduct me to the convent of St. Saviour, which is in the poſſeſſion of the fathers of the Holy Land. This obliging attention from a ſtranger gave me a very favourable idea of the manners of the people of Jeruſalem.

One of the interpreters in the ſervice of the convent appeared very much ſurpriſed to ſee me arrive without notice being ſent to theſe good monks by the governor. Having told him in what manner I had entered, he informed me that I muſt return without the city; becauſe Europeans who came from Jaffa are forbid to paſs through any other gate than that of Damaſcus. The infraction of this law would have expoſed the monaſtery, and perhaps myſelf, to ſome diſagreeable exaction. This unlucky accident was very diſtreſſing to a fatigued traveller; and I ſilently murmured againſt the fanaticiſm of the Mahometans, which delights to torment, by ridiculous cuſtoms, thoſe of a different religion from their own. There was, however, no remedy; and I ſaid, why blame the ſuperſtitious Muſſulmans? They only behave to Catholics in the ſame manner as the Catholics behave to the Jews. What plauſible reaſon can the Italians have for compelling theſe children of the Hebrews to wear yellow caps on their heads, which expoſes them to the deriſion of the populace?*

We, nevertheleſs, boaſt of being enlightened by philoſophy.

I was, however, ſaved the trouble of making a long circuit round the walls. A janiſſary belonging to the guard of the convent, conducted me to the gate of Damaſcus, by croſſing the city from ſouth to north.

The interpreter in the mean time went to aſk the governor's permiſſion for me to enter; and having joined me, together with a ciocadar, or officer of the baſhaw, I was admitted upon paying a few medins. When we returned to St. Saviour, I preſented myſelf to the ſuperior, who received me with much politeneſs. He aſked me my name, that of my country, and the object of my voyage; in order that he might inſert them in the Pilgrims' Regiſter, which is carefully preſerved among the archives of the convent. After this, he ſhewed me the cell deſtined for me, which was extremely commodious; and the interpreter introduced me to the other officers of the houſe.

Some religious ceremonies are here practiſed towards travellers; and it would be neither decent nor polite to reject them. They are conducted to veſpers, and invited to follow the proceſſion with tapers in their hands. The prieſts who officiate waſh their feet amidſt prayers, and a *Te Deum* chanted by the choir; after which they are introduced into the hoſpital, and requeſted to preſerve the tapers in memory of this auguſt pilgrimage.

All Europeans, of whatever religion, are received in the convent, and ſupplied with every neceſſary and convenience. At their departure they generally leave a ſmall ſum by way of alms; but this is merely gratuitous, and nothing is ever aſked from them.

The orientals who follow the rites of the Latin church may lodge alſo with the fathers of the Holy Land; but only for three

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* They are banished into the filthiest corners of our cities, where the avarice of government is continually studying how to plunder them. But it is above all in the dominions of the pope that they are exposed to the greatest oppression.

They have purchased at a very dear rate, and particularly at Avignon, the right of having synagogues. The nuncies do not blush to make them renew their payments four or five times in a year. When they want money, they cause the synagogues to be open an hour later: this is sufficient to inform the Jews of their intention. These unhappy proscribed people must then hasten to make a contribution. It may be readily guessed that the nuncio is not visible when they carry it to him: they deposit the offering on one of the tables of his apartment; and if it is judged sufficient, the doors of the synagogue are forthwith opened.

days: if their affairs require them to reſide longer at Jeruſalem, they muſt retire to a ſmall houſe near the convent, to which theſe monks continue to ſend them proviſions.

I managed matters ſo as to be at Jeruſalem in the paſſion week, becauſe the ſolemnities uſed upon that occaſion are more remarkable than at any other time. People in general are ſo familiariſed with the ceremonies of the church, that I ſhould not venture to deſcribe thoſe practiſed in the eaſt, were they not conſiderable different from ours. Beſides, if they ſhould diſpleaſe the reader, he may paſs ſlightly over this article, and forgive me for a fault which is natural to the writers of my country.

The ſepulchre of Chriſt, which is open only on ſolemn days, is in the church of the reſurrection. All pilgrims and devotees come hither to celebrate the holy myſteries, under the protection of the governor, who ſends a party of ſoldiers to eſcort them; and they enter the church in proceſſion, and with the ſound of plaintive muſic. On this occaſion, I think it would be difficult for any perſon, of whatever religion, not to be inſpired with ſentiments of reverence and awe, on the ſight of this auguſt temple.

Gloomy, and of an immenſe ſize, it is lighted principally by the lamps which are ſuſpended from its roof. The pilaſters are become black by length of years, and no ornaments are to be ſeen on its walls. The altars and ſtatues of the ſaints are of coarſe ſtone, and the chandeliers of wood. Every thing uſed here for religious ſervice is in the ſimpleſt and plaineſt taſte. In a word this church is poor, but it is what a church ought to be. The deity requires only from man purity of heart, and an exemplary life. Why did Jeſus Chriſt himſelf live in the boſom of indigence? Was it not to teach the world that religion is inſeparable from poverty? I will venture to affirm, that it is an inſult to heaven to diſplay too much luxury and magnificence in holy places. It is aſſimilating things ſacred to things profane. It is authoriſing in the mind of the opulent man that paſſion for riches, which makes him turn aſide his eyes from misfortune. It is, above all, afflicting the heart of the poor, who cannot reſolve to bleſs miſery, before an altar ſhining with gold, ſilver, and jewels.

The company of devotees bend before the ſtone of unction, which ſerved for embalming the body of Chriſt when it was brought down from Mount Calvary, and repeat a prayer; after which, the prieſts and aſſiſtants worſhip the croſs. Near this is the Chapel of the Annunciation, where the officiating prieſt ſits down, and preſents his hand to the people to be kiſſed; while different hymns are chanted before the altars, which bear the names of the different myſteries of the Catholic religion. The air of humility and attention with which this ſervice is performed, is truly affecting.

All the Chriſtian ſects of the eaſt are permitted to officiate in this church, as well as the Abyſſinians, the Cophts, the Armenians, and the Greeks. They aſſemble on Palm-Sunday, and divide the chapels amongſt them.

The proceſſion of the Greeks is particularly remarkable for a great number of ſtandards, on which are repreſented the myſteries of the paſſion. The patriarch himſelf officiates on that day, having as aſſiſtants the biſhops and prieſts, who bear flambeaux and olive branches in their hands. At the end of the proceſſion, it is cuſtomary for the people to break the palms, and to tread them under foot.

It may be readily imagined, that there muſt be a dreadful diſcordance and confuſion of voices among ſeven or eight different ſects. Each chant their hymns in a peculiar manner, and in their uſual language. To this may be added the horrible noiſe they make with tables of beech wood, to which are affixed large iron chains. Placed in the nave of the church by way of bells, they daſh them againſt each other, and ſometimes ſtrike the upper part of them with hammers: theſe ſingular inſtruments are called ſimantirions.

The entrance of our Saviour into Jeruſalem was formerly repreſented with great pomp. All the inhabitants of the city, both Chriſtians and infidels, aſſembled in the convent of St. Saviour: from which they proceeded to Bethphage, ſituated at the bottom of the Mount of Olives, on the eaſtern ſide, which was the place where Jeſus Chriſt ſent his diſciples to find an aſs. When they arrived there, the deacon began the goſpel of St. Matthew, until he came to theſe words, which the prieſt repeated: "Go into the village over againſt you, and ſtraightway ye ſhall find an aſs tied, and a colt with her: looſe them, and bring them to me."

Two or three of the company repaired then quickly to the ſpot, whilſt their companions continued to chant the goſpel till they returned.

On ſeeing them approach, the prieſt ſaid to the aſſiſtants, "and they put on them their clothes."

All then made haſte to throw their garments and carpets over the aſs, upon which they placed the prieſt, as the repreſentative of Chriſt.

When the Goſpel was finiſhed, they marched in confuſion towards Jeruſalem; and, that they might act conformably to the ſcripture, which ſays that "a very great multitude ſpread their garments in the way," men, women, and children ſtripped without delay, thinking themſelves extremly happy that they had it in their power to contribute towards the triumph of the Lord. The Saracens themſelves were ſeen tearing down branches of trees, and ſcattering them on the road, together with odoriferous herbs, ſo that one might have ſaid that Chriſt had renewed his former miracle.

"Bleſſed is the ſon of David who cometh in the name of the Lord," cried the devotees, and the whole multitude together.

On deſcending from the mountain where Chriſt, affected with the fate of Jeruſalem, foretold its deſtruction, the deacon read with a moving voice the nineteenth chapter of the goſpel of St. Luke, while all the aſſiſtants ſhed tears, and returned to their houſes to meditate on the greatneſs of this myſtery.

The eſtabliſhment of this proceſſion is anterior to the inſtitution of the fathers of the Holy Land. William of Tyre, when he gives an account of the ſtate of the Chriſtians, under the caliphs of Egypt, is the firſt perſon who ſpeaks of it. He relates, on this ſubject, the following inſtance of perfidy in a citizen who wiſhed to annihilate the remains of Chriſtianity, in Jeruſalem.

"This impious wretch," ſays he, "went in the night time, and placed a dead dog at the entrance of the principal moſque, hoping that the infidels would not fail to impute this mark of deriſion to the Catholics, which they indeed did; and without being at the trouble to enquire whether their ſuſpicions were well or ill founded, they ran to all the gates of the city, to incite the Mahometans to revenge. All the Chriſtians therefore muſt have periſhed on this occaſion, had not heaven inſpired a young man with heroic courage to devote himſelf to death, in order to ſave his brethren, by declaring himſelf alone guilty of the inſults offered to the temple; and this ſacrifice allayed the fury of the perſecutors."

When Godfrey of Bouillon was ſeated on the throne of Jeruſalem, he endeavoured to reſtored the Catholic religion to its former ſplendour. Among other things he re-

eſtabliſhed the ſolemnity of the palms, which was repreſented with military preparation under his reign and thoſe of his ſucceſſors. This religious article formed a part of the conſtitution of the order of St. Sepulchre.

This proceſſion was interrupted by the fall of the Chriſtian princes; but an unforeſeen event related by Quareſmius, cauſed it to be afterwards revived. Jeruſalem being ſo much deſolated by an exceſſive drought, that apprehenſions were entertained of its being ſoon depopulated, the governor, who was then a Mahometan, ordered public prayers to be offered up, in order to avert this affliction. They however, produced no effect, and the city was left in the moſt deplorable ſituation.

But providence, adds the Latin author, who had not forgotten his faithful people, wiſhed that this diſtreſs might ſerve to free them from their humiliating condition. It inſpired the governor to ſend for the monks of the Holy Land, who inhabited Mount Sion; and having expoſed to them his uneaſineſs, he begged them to endeavour, by their ſacrifices, to move the heavens, which were become like braſs. He conſequently permitted thoſe monks to make a ſolemn proceſſion through the whole city; and this religious homage aſcended even to the throne of God. The armoſphere immediately became darkened; and the clouds burſt and poured down abundance of rain on the earth, which reſtored life to all Paleſtine. The governor, grateful for this favour, granted the Chriſtians the free exerciſe of their religion, together with permiſſion to make a proceſſion of palms every year.

The Jews could not behold this indulgence granted to the Chriſtians without envy; and they waited for the death of the paſhaw, in order that they might deſtroy it with more certainty. Under the appearance of zeal, they inſinuated to the adminiſtration that this triumph of the croſs might annihilate the worſhip of the prophet. The dread of this event determined the new governor to forbid the proceſſion.

In 1667, the grand ſignor permitted it to be re-eſtabliſhed, and ſince that period it has not been forbidden. It however never takes place, on account of the expences with which the governor thought fit to load it. Under a pretence thar it was neceſſary for the ſafety of the devotees to ſend a company of janiſſaries to attend them, he made them pay a ſum of money, which at firſt was trifling, but which afterwards became ſo conſiderable as to determine St. Saviour not to ſtir from his convent.

### Ballad Stanzas.—By Moore.

I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
'A heart that was humble might hope for it here!'

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And 'Here in this lone little wood,' I exclaim'd,
'With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
'Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep when I blam'd,
'How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

'By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
'In the gush of the fountain how sweet to recline,
'And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
'Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!'

## DETACHED THOUGHTS.

### *On Men and Manners.*

The principal, if not the only, difference betwixt men honeſty and honour, ſeems to lie in their different motives; the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former, duty.

The trouble occaſioned by want of a ſervant, is ſo much leſs than the plague of a bad one, as it is leſs painful to clean a pair of ſhoes than undergo an exceſs of anger.

Riches deſerve the attention of young perſons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwiſe.

To conſume one's time and fortune at once, without pleaſure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's ſpirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

The queen of Sweden declared, 'She did not love men as men; but merely becauſe they were not women.' What a ſpirited piece of ſatire!

The making preſents to a lady one addreſſes, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a reſolution to recover it.

Shining characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of a ruby.

Prudent men ſhould lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

The country eſquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horſes; that is, of an animal that may convey him with credit, eaſe, and ſafety, the little journey he has to go. The philoſopher directs his ambition to ſome well grounded ſcience, which may, with the ſame eaſe, credit, and ſafety, tranſport him through every ſtage of being; ſo that he may not be overthrown by paſſion, nor trailed inſipidly along by apathy.

The beſt time to frame an anſwer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendſhip, and the intelligence received, moſt forcibly co-operate.

The philoſophers and ancient ſages, who declaimed againſt the vanity of all external advantages, ſeem in an equal degree to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cauſe of vanity than ſuperiority of judgment; as the perſon that wears an ornamental ſword, is ever more vain than he that wears an uſeful one.

There is a degree of underſtanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but abſolutely pleaſed.—One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyſs.

## *SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.*

### FOREIGN.

By the arrival at Baltimore of the ship Fair American, 40 days from London—Papers to the 23d July inclusive, have been received; they furnish but little information in addition to what has heretofore been communicated to our readers. The report of peace, appears to be gradually subsiding, it has, however, had the effect to excite considerable speculation in the funds, and may be continued so long as the stock-jobbers can find their interest in it—at any rate, an event of this kind, is highly improbable, and is deemed so by the *first-chop* European politicians; corroborative of this, letters by the Ann Eliza, *at Boston from Liverpool*, as late as the 27th, have been received, they assert with confidence, that the pendant negociations between England and France, must necessarily fail, from the unreasonable concessions each power expects from the other. With respect to *our* political relations with Britain, they appear to be equally a subject of conjecture, and while some speak sanguine, of a speedy termination of differences, others entertain sentiments quite the reverse.

The TWO MILLIONS, voted by Congress to his majesty the emperor of France, as preliminary to the acquisition of the Floridas, appears to have excited general umbrage, and is feared will operate against the American interests in these negociations.

On the Continent of Europe, BUONAPARTE, *all-potent*, appears to exercise his authority to some purpose, as will be seen by the following extracts:

*Hamburg, July* 12.—We are assured that Buonaparte has ordered marshal Bernadotte to march his corps into the country of Hesse Cassel. The electors having refused ten months ago to lend five millions of rix dollars to France, and Napoleon being in want of that sum. Talleyrand has advised that measure as the only means to extort it from that Prince. However its success is not quite certain, as it is very well known that the elector, who has never been a friend to Buonaparte, has guarded against his rapacity, by sending his treasure to Berlin.

In the same manner, the elector of Saxony has been summoned to lend six millions of rix dollars to the French emperor; and as he has also refused the loan, it is apprehended that Bernadotte has been directed to pay a visit to the Grune Gewœlb, who is now at Dresden.

The new constitution of the German empire is daily expected at Ratisbon. It is already known that the three imperial cities of Hamburg, Lubeck and Bremen, will be under the immediate direction and absolute controul of Bonaparte.

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*London, July* 21.—The letters A. E. I. O. U. engraved upon the key of the Emperor's vault in Vienna, have been effaced by order of Bonaparte, they stood for the words, *Austria-corum est imperare orbi universo.* "It is alone to the house of Austria to command the world."

Letters from the coast mention, that Calais has lately been bombarded by our cruisers on that station. It appears that while commodore Owen was examining some vessels that had run within the French shore, he was fired on from Calais; on which it is added he sent in a flag of truce, declaring that he had been restrained by considerations of humanity from firing on the town; but that should they persist in their wanton attempts to annoy him, he should be compelled to retaliate. A correspondent continues to observe, that an insulting answer having been returned, the commodore ordered two gun brigs to play upon the town for eight hours, and that part of it was in consequence reduced to ruins.

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By the recent arrival of the brig Vigilant, Capt. Christie, from Kingston, Jamaica papers to the 15th of August have been recived, and furnish the following particulars relative to Miranda:

*Kingston, August* 12.—By the schooner Stag, we learn that General Miranda, in the Leander, accompanied with thirteen vessels, among which there was one or two ships had arrived on the coast of South America, and landed near Coro, of which he had got possession, and, by the report prevalent at the departure of the Stag from Aruba, had been successful in several engagements with the Spaniards, and was penetrating into the country.

*August* 13.—We yesterday mentioned the arrival of the expedition under Gen. Miranda, on the Spanish Main, and his subsequent success; we are now, however, enabled to state the particulars somewhat more accurately. While captain Eskell was taking in his cargo at Cape St. Roman, on the Spanish coast, an overland dispatch was received there, containing accounts of Gen. Miranda having effected a landing at Coro, (which is said to be only 42 hours sail from Aruba) that he had captured it, and was proceeding up the country. It was also asserted, that he was daily joined by the Spaniards, and had several skirmishes with the government forces, in all of which he had been successful. The gentleman who furnished the cargo for the Stag, informed the capt. of her, that he was obliged to be under arms the next morning at day light, as every person not found in arms against Miranda were considered as his accomplices, and instantly executed. Miranda is aided by a British force, but the exact number not ascertained. He had been joined by a British frigate.

### DOMESTIC.

The Light house on North Island, at the entrance of Georgetown (S. C.) harbor, was blown down on the night of the 22d August; and on the 26th following, at Wilmington [N. C.] was experienced one of the most destructive storms, of wind and rain, ever before known at that place; it commenced on Thursday evening, and increased by degrees until Friday about 10 o'clock, A. M. when it became a perfect hurricane, and it was not before Saturday that it began to abate; in the mean time, the tide rose to an immense height, the wharves were inundated, property, in dry goods, rice, &c. to an immense amount destroyed: houses overthrown, and a large proportion of the vessels in harbour driven from their anchorage; some of which were considerably injured.

By dispatches received at Washington, it appears that negociations for the Floridas have failed; we also are informed that the Marquis Yrujo retains his appointment, as Minister to this country; the commission he held from his most Catholic Majesty being renewed in consequence of the all-important diplomatic services of the Marquis!!!

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The inhabitants of ULM, in consequence of the unprecedented distresses, to which they have been subjected by the late continental war in Europe, have made an appeal to the liberality and benevolence of the citizens of the United States. We are happy to observe that this appeal has not been made in vain—considerable sums for their relief have already been made in different parts of the Union, and further collections in this philanthropic service, are rapidly progressing.

—

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 30th of August to the 6th of September Adults 14,—Children 16,—Total 30.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In CHOSROES we are happy to observe a very considerable improvement; he has not, however, arrived at the *standard of insertion*, and doubting whether he ever will, we advise him with all the sincerity of friendship, inspired by "snuffling the oderiferous prefumes of his high consideration," to adhere most rigidly to the motto prefixed to his *last essay*.

"Bow to no patron's insolence—rely
"On no *frail hopes*—In freedom live and die."

On opening the PEDLAR'S PACK, we discovered that some of his ware was *damaged*. He will observe we have in consequence been under the necessity of making a discount.

We think that our Epigram-monger
Too soon left "the young PIDGEON's nest,"
If he'll stay there a *night* or two longer,
He'll be as well fledg'd as the rest.

But by taking this premature flight,
He has made such a blundering job,
As proves we are perfectly right,
In pronouncing him only a *squab*.

—

Some pieces of merit, which arrived too late for insertion in this week's paper, are intended for our next.

### ERRATA.

*In Maria's epistle to Amelia, No.* 35.

Line 17—for *then*, read. *these*.
24—for *which* on heaths *can* grow, read, *what* on heaths *will* grow.
32—for I then in peace may *seek* the world *of mind*, read, I then in peace may *leave* the world *behind*.
33—for *those*, read, *thou*.

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